Tochi Bibliothek G-3 (1873-1879) 1880 Afghanistan-Afrid
4 Afg Dard Afg

with the exception of Yarkhoon and the portion of the main valley already mentioned, belongs to Chitral. The Toorikho Valley runs north-east and south-west parallel with the Yarkhoon Valley for over 60 miles to its junction with the Tirich Valley. All the three valleys, Mooikho, Toorikho, and Tirich, are extremely fertile and populous; the cultivation is continuous, instead of being in patches, as is the case in all the valleys hitherto mentioned. The soil is mostly clay and gravel, the hill sides are bare with gentle slopes, and there are no pine forests, the only trees being cedars. The villages extend high up the mountain sides, independent of the main stream, and are supported by innumerable springs which gush out everywhere. Toorikho is generally selected as the residence of the heir-apparent of the Chitral ruler. A route from the Baroghil Pass to Chitral, after crossing the Shajanalli spur, lies down the Toorikho and Mooikho Valleys, and is the one generally used in summer, owing to the difficulty experienced, at that time of year, by horses in traversing that by the Yarkhoon Valley. In Kashkar Bala ingenious wicker-work foot-bridges are made of plaited osiers. They are called "*chiput*." Their vibration is very great, and they must be crossed cautiously by the most experienced. Owing to this, persons have to cross by them singly, and horses cannot use them.

Below the converging point of the valleys of Kashkar Bala, the main valley again contracts, and the Kashkar River flowing between precipitous rocks has a depth which varies in places no less between its summer and winter levels. The land, where cultivable, is rich and fertile; the villages are large and populous, and the neat cultivation gives evidence of a considerable amount of prosperity. On the right bank the whole country belongs to Chitral; on the left the land, to within 20 miles of Chitral itself, belongs to Yassin. The rocks become more precipitous and the channel narrower and more tortuous, till bursting through a rock-bound gorge the Kashkar River receives the Ludkho or Injigan stream. The valley then suddenly widens, its whole character changes, and at 4 miles below the junction Chitral is reached. The hills, no longer rocky and bare, slope back gradually into grassy rounded tops with sides thickly clad with pine forest, and the distant peaks on either hand are hidden by the lower intervening hills. The climate, too, is changed, and instead of the arid, rainless character peculiar to the valleys hitherto described, it becomes like that of Cashmere, with heavy and frequent rainfalls. Further to the south the population

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

491 rope, swaying in the wind, and facing the cold air which rushes down above the centre of these ice-fed torrents. In order to prevent the side-ropes getting close together they are kept apart by sticks inserted at every few yards, over which you have to step. This is rather an acrobatic performance, as in the middle of the bridge the side ropes are two-and-a-half to three feet above the foot rope, but you soon get used to it. Every one crosses these bridges, old women, children, men carrying any loads, alive or dead. Some dogs negotiate them quite easily, but many get frightened and lie down half way and have to be picked up. We had one pariah, who followed us from Kashmir, drowned, alas! three years afterwards in the Indus, who always tried to walk over the rope bridge, and invariably fell into the water when half way over. He did not try the Shaitan Nara: nothing that fell into that boiling torrent could come out alive.

312 133 731 From Ramghat the road runs for eight miles over an open sloping plain bordering the Indus to Bunji. This plain extends north for another ten miles, and is reported to have been richly cultivated, to have been partially ruined during the numerous wars at the beginning of the century, and to have had its devastation completed by the great flood in 1841. This was caused by a gigantic landslip, probably following an earthquake. The whole hillside facing the Indus, just above the Lechur nullah, from a height of about four thousand feet above the river, was precipitated into the valley below, impinging on the opposite bank, and bringing down on that side a secondary hill-fall. The course of the river was completely

4c Durand G-3 (1888-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Durd Acc

312 arrested by a huge dam thousands of feet thick and
135 some hundreds high; the water must have risen at
731 the dam to fully a thousand feet above its present level. Whatever may have been the ordinary level then, the Bunji plain was converted into a lake, and the Gilgit river, which runs into the Indus six miles above Bunji, was dammed up for thirty miles to just below the present fort of Gilgit. The tradition is that the dam held for months, and that, when it began to cut, the river completed its work in one day, and swept down in a solid wall of water carrying all before it. All down the Indus valley to the plains the people were of course prepared for the rush, and though miles of cultivated land were ruined, one does not hear of much loss of life. But where the river begins to open out into the plains of India near Attock, a great disaster occurred. A portion of the Sikh army was encamped practically in the river-bed, and the flood caught it and swept it away. In the picturesque native description it is said: "As an old woman with a wet cloth sweeps away an army of ants, so the river swept away the army of the Maharaja." All down the Indus valley ruined village lands covered with sand still attest the violence of the flood. You pass through a mile or more of the great dam, a mass of crumbling and distorted hillocks, on the road by the left bank of the Indus to Chilas; and the remains of a great pile of drift-wood left by the flood, which had for fifty years formed an inexhaustible supply of firewood for every traveller, shepherd, shikari, or raider who had passed that way, was still to be seen a year or two ago.

Darjil 803
Chitral

ing power a greater and united empire? Let us hope 900
so. But who that knows her methods can dare to
prophesy that Russian rule will necessarily prove
better for the people than Mahomedan.

One last look out over the forbidden land through which our feet might not stray, and we turned away and set our faces for India, feeling happy that we had come so far and seen so much, and to think that the limits of our wanderings had been reached, and that each day now brought us nearer the dull routine of civilisation, from which six hundred miles now separated us. There is a fascination which no description can convey to those who have not experienced it in the nomad's life.

We had passed a Kafir village on our way up the 563
Darah, the people outlaws from Kafiristan owing to some blood feud, and had been hospitably entreated to stay and dine. This, as we were doing a double march to the top of the pass and back, we were forced to decline, but our would-be hosts turned up in our camp in the evening, and brought us a huge cream cheese, weighing about a stone, excellent to eat when you ignored the dirt of their methods. One boy was very handsome, with an aquiline nose and finely cut mouth, and really beautifully-shaped head and face, but the majority were uninteresting looking. We parted on the best of terms, as I gave each man and boy a looking-glass, knife, scissors, needle and thread, a priceless collection for them. We passed some 313
wonderful hot sulphur springs at Shah Salim, a few (172)
miles below the head of the pass, and one of the curious circles of stones before mentioned, which are erroneously by the people of the country to the Kafirs.

G Stacks G-6 (1889-90) 1889 A91 Kashmir
Durd 403

without its note, no warlike expedition could be expected to succeed which started without the fairy approval. But if I never heard the fairy drum, I have seen what few will ever have the chance of seeing again, the Daimyō, the diviner or soothsayer inspired by the fairies. Daimyōs are usually women, but men sometimes become possessed, and the seers are seemingly of all ages. The one I saw was a buxom married village girl of about twenty, held in great estimation in the village and district on account of her supernatural powers, and ruling her household with a rod of iron.

I had ridden up the Bagrot valley, down which a stream from the southern glaciers of Rakaposhi reaches the Gilgit river, in order to see what could be done to improve the water channels, which were carried along very difficult cliffs, and which the people only kept in even partial repair with the greatest labour. It was a melancholy ride. The valley had been raided years ago by the Yasin robbers, and some two-thirds of the population carried off into slavery or killed, and the traces of the tragedy were recognizable on all sides. At the mouth of the Bagrot valley lay hundreds of acres of land gone out of cultivation, the terraced fields and the ruined irrigation channels still intact, their lichen-grown and manured stones showing that water had not run over them for decades. Further up the valley half, and sometimes two-thirds, of the village land lay in the same state, the dead and gone vineyards easily recognizable by the small stone rails, which had once run full of fruiting vines; the flat stones above them, on which the grapes had been trodden out, and the little stone runnels, through

G. Donald G-4 (1888-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir

Dard A43

which the juice had poured, were still in their 000
places.

For several miles the road runs up the narrow 917
gulley between what was a lateral moraine and the
hillside, not a drop of water is passed, not a tree or
glimpse of vegetation is to be seen, not a sound is
heard save the ring of one's horse's hoofs on the
burning rock, for the stream forty a thousand feet
below; not a sign of life is there, but perhaps the
passing shadow of an eagle. I had been riding slowly
on, lost in a reverie, my horse picking his own way,
when there came a sudden change. There was a
sharp turn in the path which led into a deep ravine
cut by a side stream, and then rose in sharp zigzags
to gain the crest of the opposite bank. The moment
I turned the corner a shot rang out, the edge of the
cliff "sprung to life with armed men," and a rapid
feu de joie rippled along the crest above me. Arrival 622
at the top I was met by the village elders, was 262
incensed with the smoke from a platter of burning
cedar twigs, and presented with a flat unleavened
cake soaked in clarified butter, the local variant for
bread and salt. As I broke a piece and ate it, I 779
noticed that the bread itself was apparently sun-
scorched, crusts of the sacred cedar lying on the dish
on which it was carried.

I spent some days making friends with the people, 312
and visiting every yard of their watercourses, which 133
were, as usual, a monument of patient skill. To
carry water channels across the face of perpendicular
conglomerate cliffs cut out of moraines by the action
of a stream which rages below, sometimes impinging
on one bank, sometimes on the other, is no easy

12. the Lagrot valley -- Analysis

4a Durand C-8 (1888-93) 1900. AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

matter even for that most handy of creatures, the Royal Engineer, however well he may be equipped. For the poor villager it is a labour of Sisyphus. The stream is always cutting away a frail prop, undermining a high retaining wall, breaking the side of the water channel, or washing away the intake headworks, and the work has to be done all over again. Truly, the people compelled one's admiration by their steadfast patience and determination, and filled one with a desire to help them in every way in their desperate fight with nature.

As I passed through a stretch of abandoned cultivation given up to the barberry, the wild pomegranate, and the brier rose, we stumbled on a time-worn altar, the stones of which attested its great age. It was covered with a few cedar boughs, others lay scattered around as the wind had displaced them, and the men with me said it was the shrine of the village god, and that these were the offerings of women who had come to pray. It was a scene which made a vivid impression on me. Far away above us, the culminating point of the valley, rose a snow peak against a bright blue sky, open hillsides fell back on each hand, swept by a fresh spring wind, patches of bright cultivation lay across the stream whose voice rose from the gorge to our left, but no house marred the view. Before us, backed by the silent terraced fields of a dead generation, lay the little altar of a dead faith. And yet one felt it was not dead; the great god Pan laid his hand upon one's heart, all nature was filled by his presence, and one felt the impulse which brought the women there to offer their humble